
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

1926-1968

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MARCH 17, 2017 (ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN 1991)

1. ANTECEDENTS

I was born on December 26, 1926, eight years after the end of World War I, the eldest son of Desiderius (usually called Deszi) and Bertha (usually called Bronka) Stern. My father was the second son, his brother Edi and sister Lotte being older. His father Wilhelm had come from Hungary to Vienna as a young man, at least fifty years before I was born, and his family's antecedents were fairly murky, i.e., there weren't any family stories about them. In Vienna he was in the clothing business, and we obtained a lot of our clothing through him, including a pair of "lederhosen" which I still have. My grandmother Flora's family came from Slovakia, but we have only a little information about her family, and none at all about how my grandparents met. I remember her as a tiny woman, all skin and bones who completely dominated her husband who was very easy going. When I was a young boy they were about seventy.

The family frequently got together on Sundays at the home of Lotte and her husband Max Birnbaum who lived in Dornbach, a suburb of Vienna in the country. Since nobody owned a car we took a streetcar to the end of the Dornbach line and then walked up a hill for nearly a mile to their house. Regulars in attendance included my grandparents, my grandfather's brother Martin, who had a large handlebar mustache, Uncle Edi, and often Uncle Henry, an ophthalmologist and his wife Elfi. The men played cards and drank beer, the women talked, and the children (there were some local boys also) went off to the nearby woods. After dinner we all went home.

On some Sundays my immediate family—which later included my brother Eric (h)—frequently went for outings in the Vienna Woods. This always required packing a large lunch, carried in a rucksack, which was consumed after a couple of hours of walking, and himbeer (raspberry) soda for the children.

On Saturdays we alternated visits to my grandparents with their visits to us. Since we observed at least some of the Jewish laws, riding was not permitted on the Sabbath, and we walked for one to two hours to get to my grandparents' house.

My mother's family came from Bielitz, a city in Poland, which had, prior to WW I been part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This was also true of Hungary and Slovakia. Prior to their residence in Bielitz, the family had been in Tarnov, a city further east. Since the Kleins were far more talkative than the Sterns, we have much more information about that side of the family. All of this is in the Genealogical charts and family histories, and I focus here mostly on what I remember from personal experience.

My grandfather Herman Klein owned a hat factory and was quite prosperous. He and his third wife Henrietta, my mother's stepmother, occasionally visited us in Vienna, bringing lots of presents for the children. A few times my mother and I also visited them in Bielitz. Some of my mother's brothers also lived in Bielitz: Friedrich and Smilek, who were in business there, perhaps with their father, and the youngest, Max, who was Henrietta's son and an engineering student at the University in Prague.

My father had achieved an engineering degree from the Polytechnic Institute of Vienna. During the war he had been assigned, as a military officer, to a munitions factory which turned out shell casings. Since the Central Powers were short of brass, church bells were collected from all over the empire to be melted down. Since the bells are made of bronze, not brass, they had to be melted down and separated into their constituent parts. My father's job was to sample and analyze these bells, which arrived by the trainload, and to work out chemical separation techniques. He used this work as the basis for his doctorate which he obtained after the war. We still have his hand-written dissertation with many pages of flow charts.

My father always wanted to be an independent businessman, and after the war, he switched from metallurgy to producing chemicals for the shoe industry. This meant making adhesives and dyes by which a piece of leather becomes a shoe. Many of these materials were his own formulations, and we still have many of his notebooks filled with the formulations he developed. Since Austria, after World War I, was reduced to a population of six million, the domestic shoe industry was rather small and so was my father's business. I remember visiting the place as a boy, smelling of industrial solvents and being allowed to make variously colored wax pencils, the size of candles, which were used to mark leather for cutting. The entire work force probably did not exceed half a dozen people. Nevertheless, the business provided a comfortable living for the two owners and their families: my father had a partner who handled the business end, while my father took care of the technical end of the business.

This partner also was involved in my parents' meeting, since my father was the best man at his partner's wedding at which he met my mother. Between Bielitz and Vienna, an overnight train ride, the romance apparently proceeded largely by mail. My mother, who had worked as secretary to a bank president in Bielitz, was very good at financial matters and she handled that end of my father's business until he could afford a regular employee. (Working was out of the question for middle class women at that time.)

2. EARLY YEARS

At first, we lived in a small fourth-floor apartment on a small fourth-floor apartment on a street whose name I no longer remember and about which I remember nothing. My only memory is of a neighbor, Mrs. Tramer, but that is probably because she remained a family friend while we lived in Vienna. When I was four years old, my brother Eric was born, and we moved to a much more spacious apartment at Rudolfinergasse 8. It had a long, narrow front hallway in which Eric and I, when we were a little older, played soccer. Doors at either end functioned as goals. Like many middle-class families, we had a live-in maid, or rather a succession of them, usually girls from the country, whose jobs were cooking, cleaning, and staying with the children when the parents went out. One girl stayed for six years, but the others did not last long, since my mother was rarely satisfied. My mother's main activities were shopping and taking us to the park. In the summer we spent all day at a large swimming pool complex, with playgrounds for the children. In the evening, my father would join us and the maid would bring our cooked dinner in a set of stacked pots.

We hardly ever went on vacation because my father felt he couldn't be away from his business, and because he really did not like to travel. We were away from home only twice in my first twelve years, both times at farms that took in guests and served meals. At one of these I learned to swim when I accidentally fell into a pond when no one was around and landed on my back—the perfect position for floating.

When I was four, I started kindergarten of which I have no clear recollection, although there are some pictures in a family album of me in a cook's costume. The year I became six I was allowed to go to elementary school after being interviewed by the principal, because I would not turn six until after the beginning of the school year. The Austrian system is quite different from the American one: after four years of elementary school one takes an exam to get into an academic high school (eight years) or goes to a vocational school before being apprenticed in a trade. Those of us destined for academics met with our teacher for several weeks after school to prepare for the exam. The school day was short, beginning with just two hours a day in the first grade, and gradually lengthening, but it was all academics. In fifth grade, the first year of high school, we studied Latin, Algebra, and other academic subjects.

School was within walking distance and, aside from homework, there was plenty of time for play. One of my wealthier friends had a house with a large garden in which we frequently played; otherwise it was a nearby park. When I was seven, my mother had me start studying piano, but we didn't own an instrument and I had to practice at my teacher's house on our block.

Crime was virtually unheard of and parents did not worry about children roaming around. Once I was nine or ten and knew the streetcar lines, I was allowed to roam Vienna, a city of two million. We lived close to the end of the built-up part of the city and could walk through the woods within a mile of home, occasionally discovering remains of Turkish fortifications from the siege of Vienna in 1683.

On Sundays the family would often go for walks in the inner city, with my father talking about the history going back to Roman times and visiting museums.

I visited my grandparents in Poland several times, but although I remember some details of these visits, I am not always sure of the year I went. When I was four years old, I went to Bielitz with my mother but don't remember the details. There are pictures in our album of me in a sailor suit and also with Aunt Balka. My grandfather died in 1934 and we went to the funeral, but I only remember not being told in a straightforward fashion that he was dead. There are also pictures of me with another boy in the country, but I don't remember whether that was during the same visit. On another occasion we went to Tarnow, but during our visit, there was a flood. We could only get bottled water, and we finally escaped in a horse-drawn carriage on the last remaining road to a town still accessible by rail.

As a child I suffered a lot from ear infections. This was before antibiotics, and the main treatment was eardrops and exposure to a heat lamp. When I was eight, one of these infections

became so serious that my eardrum had to be punctured to release the pus. However, this was insufficient and mastoid surgery had to be performed because the infection had spread too far. I remember the painful ride in a taxi (my head hurt terribly from the bumps on the cobblestones) to the hospital where my Uncle Henry was on the staff in the ophthalmology department. The operation consisted of drilling a hole in the mastoid bone behind the ear to clean out the infection. After surgery, I was very weak and remained in the hospital for three weeks.

When I was ten, Balka and her husband Josef invited me to spend a summer with them in Zagreb. A family friend was my guardian on the overnight train ride. I was up early every morning and went for walks to the edge of town to watch the local farmers bringing their produce to the city market, the women carrying everything, including crates of live chickens, on their heads. My Aunt did most of her shopping at these large and colorful markets and usually took me along. She tasted everything and then bargained for what she wanted. This was quite different from the shopping in stores at fixed prices which was customary in Vienna. In the evening Josef taught me chess, a game which I liked very much. Eventually I was on my college chess team.

Our generally peaceful existence came to an abrupt end when Austria was annexed by Germany. There had always been considerable antisemitism in Austria, noticeable even in the schools, but after 1938 this became official. During part of the 1930s Austria had a semi-fascist government under Dollfuss who had the army attack the socialists whose support was strongest among the workers, many of whom lived in massive blocks of public housing. My father's way to work went right by army troops who were firing artillery at the apartment buildings. After a few days the government won, and things ostensibly went back to "normal." However, Dollfuss was too independent for the Nazis and they assassinated him. He was replaced by Schuschnigg, a decent man as chancellor, but he was quite powerless to stop German troops from marching into Austria in February 1938. Hitler was enthusiastically welcomed by a large part of the population. They were less happy when Germany started to move massive amounts of food out of Austria and Vienna was inundated by German tourists buying up the food they had been deprived of for years.

For the Jews the trouble was only beginning. Antisemitism was now official and even children took full advantage of it. We could now be harassed in school, but were not allowed to fight back. This did not last long, however, because all Jewish children were removed from the regular schools and put into Jewish schools with Jewish teachers. Not surprisingly, not much learning took place since the schools were overcrowded and everybody was worried about concentration camps. On November 9, 1938, ever since known as Krystallnacht, most synagogues in Germany and Austria were attacked by organized gangs of officially sanctioned hoodlums and most were burned. (Krystall refers to the broken glass of the windows.)

Worse was to follow. I remember a group of storm troopers marching on our street looking for Jewish women and neighbors whom we had considered friends pointing out my

mother. She spent the day scrubbing Nazi barracks. After a while Jews were forbidden to own businesses, and my father had to “sell” his to a Nazi who was being rewarded for having thrown a bomb in a Nazi uprising in Munich when it was still dangerous for them to do so. Since the man had no technical background, my father had to continue running the business for him. We were forced out of our apartment and had to sell all the beautiful things my parents had accumulated. Since everyone knew the situation, my parents did not get much money for their things. We moved into my grandparents’ apartment which became a little crowded with an additional four people. There were tensions when my mother tried to help her mother-in-law in the kitchen, but otherwise we all did the best we could since we knew all that was happening was only a prelude to worse that would come.

3. EXODUS

Our situation, and that of all other Jews in Austria, had obviously become intolerable and everyone focused on leaving. The question was one of options – where could we go, i.e. what country would let us in? Some people managed to go to nearby countries, but one had to be very careful about which ones. If one went east, there was a good chance of being trapped if the Germans invaded countries in that direction; therefore, going west was preferable, since if a country such as France should fall, one might be able to go further west. Not surprisingly, most people thought of the United States, but the U.S. immigration laws presented a considerable obstacle. They had been written in the 1920s and were strongly biased against southern and eastern European citizens. For each country, defined by its borders after World War I, there was an annual quota of allowed immigration. By the rules, my father was Austrian, my mother was Polish, and my grandparents were Hungarian (only the place where you were born mattered). However, the immediate family, including wife and children were defined by the birth country of the father. This was fortunate for Austrian Jews, since Austria had a larger quota than Poland. Uncle Henry and Aunt Elfi applied for an American visa in 1938, but my father procrastinated. Meanwhile Aunt Balka and Uncle Josef were planning to leave Yugoslavia and immigrate to Argentina where Josef had business connections. He offered my father employment there, and we all started studying Spanish. However, for reasons I don’t remember, this didn’t work out, and we refocused on America. An additional hurdle imposed by the United States was that potential immigrants had to prove that they wouldn’t be a burden to the government. This meant that someone in the U.S. had to pledge support for the immigrant, in case he could not support himself. Fortunately, one branch of my mother’s family had immigrated to the United States in 1898 and my mother had their address, although they had never met us. They agreed to file the necessary documents. With that hurdle surmounted, we applied for an American visa. By that time, it was 1939; war came closer, and the lines at the American consulate grew longer.

We finally got our precious visas, but by that time the war had started, and the only way out lay through Italy, which had not yet joined Germany in the war against France and Britain. This was a very anxious time for us. One day my father was ordered to report to the Gestapo.

He was not home, but when he arrived there was a question of what to do. We knew of people in similar circumstances who had reported to the Gestapo and were not heard of again. On the other hand, disobeying the command to report might also have dire consequences. So my father sat up in his overcoat all night so he could claim, if the Gestapo came, that he had just come home from work. As it turned out, this was a “local action” and was forgotten by the next day.

A major problem was how to pay for our passage. Although Italy and Germany were allies, Italian steamship companies did not accept German Marks which were worthless outside Germany. However, foreign currency was unobtainable in German-occupied territory. The person who saved us was Balka. With dollars sewn in the lining of her coat, she went by train from Yugoslavia to Switzerland to pay for our passage. This required passage through Germany. Once we had proof that the tickets had been paid for, the Germans would let us go. However, time was extremely tight. The ship had already left Trieste and was making its way around the Italian boot, with a final stop in Genoa where we were scheduled to embark. We still had no proof of payment when the ship left Trieste.

At that time people were still allowed to ship small crates with their belongings. An inspector came to our house to inspect the packing, including some useless items such as featherbeds, a metric scale for my mother’s cooking (her recipes were in weights-decagrams), and a coffee grinder. My stamp collection was carefully inspected to make sure we did not smuggle valuables out in that form. The most wrenching problem was my grandparents. The Hungarian quota was already filled up for ten years ahead, so they could not possibly come with us. We left them enough money to buy food, etc., but we knew we would never see them again. After the war we learned that they had died in one of the more “benign” concentration camps, Theresienstadt, which the Germans kept as a showcase for foreign visitors to prove that all the reports of mass killing were just lies.

At about the last possible moment we were officially cleared to leave and departed by train for Genoa. Already at the border (Brenner Pass), the climate immediately improved, and we felt that the worst was behind us. The ship, the 30,000 ton *Saturnia*, was one of the last to leave Europe for the United States. It was full of refugees. All were only allowed to bring ten dollars with them, and the ship’s crew did not expect tips. Nevertheless, they behaved very decently. At first, we were housed in a third-class cabin—all we were entitled to—and the way to the dining room passed by the engine room which reeked of diesel oil. For a year afterwards, I could not bear to eat pasta. The weather was calm in the Mediterranean. We were boarded by a British warship at Gibraltar, but were allowed to proceed to our last port in Europe, Lisbon. We had an afternoon on shore and walked around the impressive city, splurging on warm lemonade.

The weather in the Atlantic was rough, and my mother was seasick until we reached New York. Fortunately, we had been given a better cabin, and a solicitous steward brought her some food. We had discovered one of my father’s cousins on board, and the two ladies had

company in their misery. The daughter was about my age and she, I, and Eric had their cabin pretty much to ourselves. Since we were not seasick, we found the journey an exciting adventure.

4. IMMIGRANTS

When the ship docked in New York, we were welcomed by Helen Cole, her children, and her mother Esther Hornstein, who was my mother's aunt who had come to America many years ago. We spoke only a little English and they spoke hardly any German, although Esther and my mother could converse in Polish. The Coles lived in a spacious old house in Palisades Park, New Jersey, just across the river from New York. Helen's husband, Edward, was in the publishing business. Their two sons, Dick and Irwin, were each a year older than Eric and I. The four boys were established in one bedroom and my parents got a spare bedroom. Altogether, the Coles were very hospitable toward people whom they had never met, even if they were relatives, and Helen managed the enlarged household with great efficiency.

Three days after our arrival, it was decided that we should go to the regular schools, even if our English was somewhat sketchy. Eric was sent to the elementary school, which had eight grades. My situation was a little trickier. I had left in the middle of the sixth year, which was secondary school in Vienna, but elementary in the U.S. Since I had already had a year of algebra and Latin, which were ninth grade subjects in the American system, it was decided to tell a white lie and claim to have had eight years of school in Vienna. Thus I started high school in Fort Lee, near Palisades Park and next to the George Washington Bridge, knowing virtually no English. However, algebra requires very little language and was only a repetition, and I used my Latin course to learn English by doing my homework through two languages every night. Sharing a room with our American cousins also helped, and I was reasonably fluent in English after about two months.

Fortunately, my father found a job with a chemical firm in Newark, owned by two Viennese brothers, and we moved to Newark in January 1940. At Thanksgiving there was a large party at the Coles where we met many of our American relatives, including my mother's Aunt Augusta, called Gussie, and her daughters Eleanor and Connie, as well as many relatives on Helen's side of the family. There was a large contingent of children, and everyone had a good time. These Thanksgiving feasts continued for many years, and we always attended them after we moved to Newark. After the move to Newark, my mother found a job in the Charms candy factory, and Eric and I transferred to the local schools. Barringer High School sat on a hill overlooking the city and was about a mile-long walk from our house. We lived in a small apartment which turned out to be infested by bed bugs, but it was all we could afford. The family income was \$40 a week, not bad for 1940, and my mother, who handled the family finances, managed to save a quarter of that.

On Sunday we usually went to the South Mountain Reservation, part of a hilly green belt at the western edge of Newark. After the bus ride to South Orange, we walked up a long hill to

the park, carrying our picnic lunch. My parents relaxed while Eric and I explored the woods. He and I were rapidly becoming Americanized. After a couple of years, we moved to a better apartment, and I joined a local Boy Scout troop. The Boy Scouts owned a camp in western New Jersey, near the Delaware Water Gap, and somehow there was enough money for me to spend a week there. I enjoyed the outdoor activities both at camp and with Troop 48 in the city. I passed the tests and earned enough merit badges to make Life Scout and also became patrol leader and Junior Assistant Scoutmaster.

When I was 16, I decided to go on a hiking trip to the Catskills by myself. Nowadays, it is difficult to imagine how parents could let a boy that age leave home for a week by himself, but my parents, perhaps because of their Viennese experience, expressed no concern over my safety, and I hitchhiked to the area and then walked for a week with a pack on my back using trails and backcountry roads. I enjoyed the hike and returned home without any mishaps.

In 1940 the war in Europe was going badly for the Allies, and after 1941 the United States joined the war there and also fought against Japan. In 1943, when I graduated from high school, virtually every able-bodied 18-year-old male was drafted into the military. I was just 16, and thus could get a couple of years at college before going into the Army. My grades were good enough for me to get into any college, but my parents did not understand the American system—in Europe there are no private universities, and education is usually free—and they accepted the first offer by a recruiter from Drew University who told them it wouldn't cost them anything. Fortunately, Drew was and is a good liberal arts school, although a lot of the faculty were in the service, and several courses were taught by graduate students who were getting their degrees at other schools.

While in high school, I had become very interested in Physics, thinking that that was as close as one could get to learning how the world was made. At that time I was also very interested in mysticism as a different way of learning about the world, and read a lot of Rosicrucian literature.

Drew offered me an assistantship in Physics to take care of my tuition expenses, and I set up the equipment for Dr. Harrington's freshman class. For an 8 o'clock class I got up at 5 a.m., walked two miles to the Lackawanna train station, and then had another mile from the station in Madison to the campus. Most of the time it was quite pleasant, but in the winter, the snow was deep, and I was going so early in the morning, that the snow had not been plowed yet. The academic program was quite rigorous and there was no hiding in the small classes. In my sophomore year I was taking Mechanics and Calculus simultaneously, an obvious mistake, and with only three students meeting in Harrington's office, my homework had to be done several times before it was acceptable.

5. MILITARY SERVICE

Because every young man even approximately physically fit could count on being drafted after his eighteenth birthday, I tried to complete as much college as possible before

then. This meant starting college the summer after graduating from high school and continuing on a three-semester a year basis thereafter. In April 1945, after completing two and a half years of college, I received my notice and reported to Fort Dix, New Jersey, a large camp at which all the preliminaries were attended to. After a couple of weeks there, I was sent to Camp Croft, South Carolina, in the Piedmont area near Spartanburg. Having led a rather sheltered life, in spite of the turmoil connected with the Nazi period, I found it took some adjustment to get used to the physical demands of basic infantry training and to my fellow trainees, who were largely "hillbillies" more used to physical actions than to words. Since I was rather overweight, the physical exertions, such as calisthenics, and the long marches to the firing range every day, combined with the bad food in the mess hall, resulted in my rapidly shedding twenty pounds (down from 180) and four inches from my forty-inch waistline.

The allied advance in Europe had reached the Ardennes, and the Battle of the Bulge was causing large American casualties. In the Pacific, the war against Japan was even more brutal. Consequently, training was directed toward producing fit fighters and a two percent casualty rate was considered acceptable. Those weeded out were less likely to endanger their comrades. I learned to fire all the weapons used by the infantry: rifles, carbines, light machine guns, mortars, and to throw hand grenades and to use flame throwers. Toward the end of course we completed the dreaded infiltration course, once during the day and once at night. This involved crawling over a simulated battlefield the length of a football field carrying a rifle which was inspected for cleanliness at the end. If it was not in firing condition, one had to repeat the exercise. Live bullets whizzed overhead at waist level, and those who panicked and stood up did not survive. At night the path of the bullets could be seen as red tracers; explosions, simulating artillery shells, were set off in pits, and occasional flares illuminated the field and required us to "freeze." There was little free time, except for occasional socializing at the local Red Cross Canteen and visits to a girls' college for tea on Sunday afternoon.

In May 1945 Germany surrendered and after that the emphasis was on war with Japan. We stormed mock Japanese villages and occasionally fired machine guns from the tops of tanks. By the time our training ended, Japan surrendered and most of my unit went to Japan for occupation duty, leaving me behind in the base hospital with mumps.

With the end of the war, Army life became less hectic, but we were not discharged because of our short service time. Those who had been in the longest came home first. Somewhere along the way someone discovered that I had some college education, and I was sent to the Advanced Special Training Program (ASTP) at Clemson College. In contrast to basic training, everyone supposedly had an IQ of at least 140, and the classes were geared to that. We studied electrical engineering, which oddly enough included a course in Foundry. We studied nearly all the time. There was an exam every few weeks, and those who failed went back to the troops. Some failed just from the strain. On Sundays I usually hitchhiked to Atlanta, 130 miles away, and sometimes to Charleston and Savannah. Thus, I saw a good bit of the South and enjoyed it very much.

Eventually the program ended, and I was sent to Fort Belvoir in northern Virginia. By that time everything was very relaxed, and I could frequently go to Washington, D.C., for sightseeing and concerts at the National Gallery. I was enrolled in a course for non-commissioned officers but flunked out because I could not be heard across the drill field. After that I was put to work building vegetable crates, but was considered too much of a liability because I could not hammer nails straight. I was then put to work in the tool crib, but was useless because I had never learned the English words for the tools. This left me lots of time for reading.

When things had been in this boring routine for a while, someone discovered that I was fluent in German, and I was promptly sent off for occupation duty in Germany.

After spending about a week in a converted hangar at a former German military airfield, a small group of us was sent by train, first to Frankfurt and then to Bamberg. This was early 1946, and we could still see the extensive damage done by allied bombing. Only the rubble clogging the streets had been cleared away, but there was not yet any rebuilding. Bamberg was a pleasant old town where the damage was not extensive. I was stationed at an Army base with not much to do, except to pick up the mail for my company twice a day and eat fresh doughnuts at the Red Cross canteen. The cultural life of the town was picking up, and I attended many chamber music concerts, frequently in makeshift halls. I noticed no obvious animosity toward American soldiers, although I was often the only American in the audience.

After a few weeks my services as an interpreter were requested. The American Counter-Intelligence Corps (CIC) had advanced with the Army across Europe, looking for war criminals and trying to help locate slave laborers who had been employed in factories to help the German war machine. Frequently the only source of information about the war criminals was from the slave laborers, people who were trying to use the Americans to exact revenge against their German captors. In the course of this activity some injustices had apparently been done, and a CIC officer was appointed to investigate the injustices. He spoke no German, and I was assigned as his interpreter. It was a fascinating week. We traveled by jeep all over the American zone of occupation, staying with various CIC units. These had usually done very well for themselves, requisitioning castles and palaces for themselves and employing a professional German staff. The food and accommodations were first rate. An inspector who was also charged with investigating "irregularities" within CIC itself obviously was well taken care of, as was his interpreter. A lot of my time was spent talking to Poles and Czechs who had complaints, and sometimes to Germans who had been imprisoned on the basis of these complaints. As part of our recreational "perks" we spent a day sailing on the Rhine in Hitler's yacht (along with other American soldiers). After a week of this, I knew so much about the CIC that it was decided to make me a Special Agent in CIC. I was transferred to a CIC detachment attached to Third Army Headquarters in Heidelberg.

Heidelberg had been an open city during the war and therefore sustained no real damage. The CIC detachment of about twenty men had their office in a villa formerly owned by

a high level German functionary. In line with what I had found previously, our food was the best; we were served by German staff, eating lunch in elegant style on the terrace. Their main benefit was to be allowed to have the food which we did not eat, a major benefit at a time when food for Germans was still rationed. We had also taken over an apartment building in town, and another agent and I shared a three-room apartment, complete with maid service. Although I was still only a corporal, CIC agents were not allowed to divulge their rank, even to American officers with whom we might have to deal. My main job was to go through the SS files which had been captured by the American Army and to interrogate individuals who might need to be investigated for war crimes. I had two secretaries who mailed out questionnaires to former SS members asking them to appear personally in my office for questioning. CIC was known as the American Gestapo, and so great was the German respect or authority that most of them showed up. Since the SS had providentially tattooed their serial number on their arm, they could not really deny membership. I had never met so many who had only worked in offices and marched in parades. At that time there were “automatic arrest” categories, so that anyone above a certain rank was automatically interned to be investigated further. In these cases I and my assistant, armed only with revolvers, transported these people to the Heidelberg jail from which they were interned. It was pretty heady stuff for a 19-year-old corporal who had barely escaped from the Nazis only six years earlier.

In addition to this job, I was also supposed to provide information on the situation in the fifty villages surrounding Heidelberg, as it might affect Third Army headquarters. This meant driving out in the countryside and talking to local officials. At that time refugees from the eastern zone under Russian occupation were just beginning to arrive, and there was an acute housing shortage. Also, since Germans were not allowed to own rifles, the wild boar population was multiplying and digging up the potato fields. I was asked to organize boar hunts by American soldiers. However, the boars were so clever that they never showed up for the Americans.

There were occasional rumors about secret Nazi plans buried in the forest, but we never found any. Because there were still some underground Nazi organizations, some of which were stringing wires across the roads to decapitate Americans driving jeeps with their windshields down, we conducted periodic sweeps of sections of the city to check identity papers of people out late at night. My job usually involved sitting in a German police station to question prostitutes who usually claimed to have been with an American officer.

Since Heidelberg University offered courses for American soldiers, I signed up for a course in Medieval Counterpoint. Not surprisingly, I was the only student. My teacher was very good, and I regularly supplied him with extra food. At that time there were many concerts and plays at the Heidelberg Castle at which I was frequently the only American attending.

After six months of all these activities, I began to think about going back to school. The United States had begun to worry about the Soviet Union and consequently tried to get Germany on its side. The practical effect was that the automatic arrest categories were

continually being raised to higher ranks. Although I was offered a commission and even a civilian position to do what I had been doing, I decided to quit and go home. In November 1946, I was back in the United States and took a job as my father's lab assistant until the beginning of the spring semester. At his urging I joined the Army Reserve and worked one summer on Governor's Island in New York harbor, checking immigration records. In the summer I hitchhiked to Boston to visit a friend whom I had met there, and then hiked and hitched across Massachusetts to the Green Trail in Vermont, which I walked for a week, over Mt. Mansfield, and then across Lake Champlain and to Lake Placid where my parents were staying for a couple of weeks. With the daughter of their friends, I hiked up Whiteface, but the girl went to pieces in a thunderstorm on the way down, although she also was an Army veteran. We got back so late that the worried parents already had search parties looking for us.

Since my experience in Physics had not been entirely happy, I switched to chemistry in which I felt more comfortable and graduated Drew University with a major in Chemistry in 1948.

6. GRADUATE SCHOOL

I was not very organized about applying to graduate school, choosing Syracuse—because Eric was majoring in chemistry there and liked it—and Michigan—for a reason I can no longer remember. After being accepted by both, I decided to go to Ann Arbor. This was actually the first time I had lived on a college campus, and my social life picked up immediately, although the strenuous academic schedule left little time for it. After Drew, where I was sometimes the only student in advanced lab courses, the Michigan catalog offered all sorts of fascinating courses, and I signed up for too many of them. One of them was in Advanced Analytical Chemistry which was taught by the professor who had written the textbook, which we were expected to memorize. That one alone required twenty hours a week in the lab. Another was a course in Advanced Organic which, I found out all too soon, was taken by the advanced graduate students of the instructor, and for which my organic course at Drew had not prepared me. Thermodynamics was a disaster for all the chemistry students; only the chemical engineers seemed to know what they were doing. The “graduate advisor” was useless, never warning me about what lay ahead. I survived, but barely.

When I was looking for a place to live, I was sent to a rooming house where I shared a room with a student whom I knew from our activities in the Newark Museum, and whom I had not seen since high school. Unfortunately, proximity ruined the friendship. He was very sensitive to everything, including the sound of my breathing, and the second semester I moved to a cubbyhole off the coal cellar in the same house.

The graduate school had an outing club which had hikes or canoe trips on weekends, after which we would cook dinner in the quarters which were provided us in the Rackham graduate school building, an elegant structure which housed study rooms with overstuffed sofas and armchairs. Not surprisingly, there was a lot of dating among the members of the

outing club, and it was there I met Esther Kranz, who had been a math major at Cornell, to whom I later became engaged.

Since my GI bill was running out, and I had no money, I was assigned to a young instructor, Charles Templeton, as a research assistant. He was frantically trying to make assistant professor and had found a topic on which he could churn out a lot of publications in a hurry. I suggested a related topic and was given a free hand to proceed. Eventually the paper was published and received an award for the best paper in the Electrochemical Society Journal by authors under thirty. However, by that time he had fallen victim to departmental in-fighting and left for a position with Shell Oil in Houston, Texas.

During this, my second year, I moved to a small basement apartment closer to school, which I shared with Bill Young, whom I had met in the outing club and with whom I remained friends until his death in 2015. Bill had tackled for Syracuse and persisted in showing me how. When I was late getting up, he picked up the bed with me in it and dumped me out. He was an anthropology major and had signed up for a course in which he was supposed to learn how to imitate and write down in a universal phonetic script any possible human language he might meet. For an assignment he had attached himself to a student from Baghdad and was supposed to learn his dialect in a semester. As a result, he knew exactly how the sounds in various languages are made and helped me to get rid of the last traces of my German accent.

Since Templeton had left Michigan too late in the year for me to find another major professor, and all the financial aid had been disbursed, I took my M.S. and went to an American Chemical Society meeting in Chicago to look for another school. There I met Dr. McGillavry from Clark University, who told me that they had the equipment for making the kind of conductivity measurements I had done at Michigan and which had just been vacated by a student who had finished his Ph.D. research on it. I was promised a teaching assistantship to teach the freshman General Chemistry lab.

On the strength of this, I moved to Worcester, Massachusetts. Clark was a much smaller school than Michigan, with a total enrollment of about a thousand, and a chemistry department housed in a very small building it shared with the physics department. There were fewer than twenty graduate students, so it was easy to know everyone. The faculty was also quite small. Since I had completed a lot of courses at Michigan, I took relatively few at Clark and could therefore concentrate on research. My major professor was Arthur Martell, who had an active research program, most of which was supported by a chemical company and on which most of his students worked. I had my own ideas of what I wanted to do, but he was anxious for me to build on what his previous student had done, which involved conductivity studies of organic salts in non-aqueous solvents, which was related to my work at Michigan. At least the equipment I needed was there, something not a lot of schools had. However, the conductivity bridge was not a commercial instrument, but had been built from various parts by a previous student. It became quite clear that it was not in working order, and I could not understand how it could have been functioning for the previous student who had just finished his research, with no one having touched it

since his departure. After several months of trying to make it work I had to give up. It was simply not designed to be repaired. The result was that a new instrument had to be built; the department did not have the \$50,000 required for a commercial one. Design and construction of equipment was not my strong point, and I was forced to rely on the expertise of one of Martell's former students who occasionally showed up late in the evening to help. I spent many frustrating evenings waiting for him, since he often did not show up as promised. Consequently it took about a year for the bridge to be completed so my research could start.

I taught the freshman chemistry lab for Dr. Bullock, an old New England gentleman, who was not very up on modern lab techniques and therefore left the lab to me pretty much as I saw fit. It was my first teaching experience, and I enjoyed it. The following summer I was made instructor and taught the lecture course with another graduate student as my laboratory assistant.

When I first arrived, the university housing office had sent me to a nearby house owned by a man whose wife had died and who had a room to let. He had smoked cigars all his life and the odor was impossible to get out of the wallpaper. I had kitchen privileges but had to share the refrigerator. He became increasingly erratic and accused me of stealing his food because he could not remember eating it. His passion was playing the horses, and he visited the betting parlors in Worcester. After a year of this, I decided to move. Another graduate student, Frank Carini, with whom I shared a lab, and I moved into a cold water flat in an old brownstone about a mile from the campus. We sublet it from Leonard Baskin, a sculptor who later became quite famous, and who only needed one room for his studio. The arrangement was quite convenient; he only sculpted during the day when we were in school. Our rent was cheap even for 1951 - \$10 a month. Since the only hot water was heated on the stove, enough for washing, but not for bathing, we took our showers in the school gym. The flat was furnished with contributions from our families and Salvation Army second-hand furniture. Winter was brutal. We only had a kerosene stove which usually went out at night when the outside temperature often dropped to 5° F. The question was who would get out of bed to light the stove in the morning. Then we waited till it was warm enough to really get up.

There were two priests who were working on their Ph.D. degrees who taught at Holy Cross. One was a Franciscan who had taken vows of poverty and lived in a real monastery; the other was a very worldly Jesuit who joined other graduate students and Martell at the monthly poker parties at our flat, apparently the only available location. I could never remember the values of the hands and used an issue of the Scientific American which dealt with the statistics of the game. Our apartment was the scene of many parties which also included students, particularly girls, from other departments. A favorite trick was to entice a girl into Baskin's studio which housed the life-sized statue, now known as "Man with Bird". In a dark room, only lit by a street light, the effect was quite startling.

The entrance to the flat was below ground level, so that when it rained, water flowed inside, and Frank and I frantically tried to shovel it back up into the street. Castle Street was a short dead-end street that looked like a 19th century English slum. Mangy dogs and babies played in the dirt and became the inspiration for one of Baskin's famous sets of etchings, the

"Dogs of Castle Street". We often sat in his kitchen watching him whittle away. He offered me the set of 25 for \$50, but I could not afford that, and he would not break the set. Individual prints now sell for much more than the whole set did then.

During my stay at Clark, Esther and I, partly from the momentum of the relationship and some pressure from her parents, had become engaged, and she visited me occasionally, while she lived at her parents' home and taught elementary school. As time went on, she seemed to become more conventional, i.e. her major concern was "what would my friends think" and "why are you so different?" Consequently, marriage to her seemed to be becoming a more and more confining prospect, and we broke up just about the time I needed to start looking for a job.

I was offered a position at Middlebury College in Vermont, a great location, but the salary was very low, and research was a very low priority. At an American Chemical Society meeting in the fall of 1952, I was offered a position at the Institute of Science and Technology of the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. Dr. Grigorieff, the director, told me that I would also be able to teach graduate courses in the Chemistry Department. Since the salary was about twice what Middlebury had offered, I accepted.

7. ARKANSAS

Fayetteville seemed close to the end of the world and was at the time only accessible by bus or by a twelve hour train ride from St. Louis. When I got off the train at 5 a.m., the town seemed the epitome of a sleepy southern town. In fact, however, the campus was quite pleasant and the Chemistry Department had a Ph.D. program. My main job was to do research, using funds that Grigorieff had obtained from the Atomic Energy Commission and which was supposed to be related to the atomic airplane which was then on the drawing board. The major question was what powerplant was going to propel it. The plan was to use an atomic reactor, using molten salts as the heat transfer medium and there were lots of potential problems, such as corrosion of the pipes by the salts. I and two new chemistry faculty members, Bob Kruh and Jack Carlton, worked on various aspects of the problem. A new Physics building had just been completed, and I was assigned a lab there, but there was no furniture and equipment. Having left Worcester with only raw data, I finished writing the dissertation for my Ph.D. at Clark, while accumulating equipment for research. At the time Molten Salts was a newly rediscovered field - there had been some work done at the beginning of the century and in the thirties - and I could do what I liked, especially if it was publishable. I did in fact teach some graduate courses and, when the Institute folded after a few years because Grigorieff promised positions to faculty and graduate students without checking with the university administration, I moved full time into Chemistry. I taught some Freshman Chemistry, the Physical Chemistry Laboratory, and graduate courses in Thermodynamics and Colloid and Surface Chemistry. In the 1950s the atmosphere was not as competitive as it became later, and my applications to the National Science

Foundation for work related to Ionic Solutions and to the Air Force Office of Scientific Research for Molten Salt Chemistry nearly always resulted in funding. There were not many graduate students interested in Physical Chemistry and most of them were recruited by Ed Amis, the senior professor in P-Chem. However, there were two M.S. students, Pat Flaherty and Ed Richardson, in addition to several students who worked on several projects for hourly pay. My teaching load was not too heavy and I did much of the research myself.

One of the Ph.D. requirements at Clark had been to write a review paper not related to the dissertation, and I had chosen "Liesegang Rings", or periodic precipitation reactions in gels, a somewhat obscure topic whose practical applications included the explanation for agate formation, and (possibly) kidney stones. Since its discovery in the 1890s, the topic had given rise to a large literature and I thought it would be worth investigating, particularly since the professor teaching Colloid Chemistry at Michigan couldn't explain it. When I was at Arkansas, I thought my paper could be published if only I could get translations of Russian papers on the subject. Encouraged by my department chairman, I visited the Chemists' Club in New York which found me a Russian translator with whom I spent a day translating the literature. The paper, which was eventually published in Chemical Reviews, proved very popular and elicited 400 requests for reprints and much correspondence. As a result I was also asked to serve as "external examiner" on several Indian Ph.D. dissertations on the subject.

Shortly after arriving in Fayetteville, I rented a small apartment close to the campus in the Phillips residence. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips - he was a retired banker from Little Rock - occupied the first floor, and they had cut the second floor into three small apartments which they rented to faculty and graduate students. I had the largest of these, consisting of a large room, including kitchen facilities, and a small living room/bedroom combination. In the 1950s being a single faculty member was anomalous and so most of my social life was with graduate students. My small apartment was the scene of many parties.

The Phillips' son, Charles, was my age and had just come home from the Army. He was a teller in the local bank, but had a wild streak. He was under constant pressure from his mother to marry a nice Southern girl, of whom there were many on the campus, but who would probably have been terrified of him. We drove wildly all over the area when the spirit (or spirits) moved him. His parents hoped that I would be a restraining influence and save him from himself, but my only success was to keep him from shooting neighborhood dogs and cats. He died of alcoholism in his forties, after I had already left Fayetteville.

Since I was working on projects funded by the Atomic Energy Commission, my department chairman suggested that I apply for security clearance in case I should need to read classified reports. This was at the height of the McCarthy period and everyone, including government officials, were terrified that McCarthy might find something suspicious in their past. After I gave my friend Bud Aronson, whom I had met in Michigan, as a character reference, I was visited by the FBI. Apparently, Bud had supported Wallace in 1948, and the Progressive Party in Michigan was said to have been infiltrated by communists. This made me a

suspicious character - guilt by association was very fashionable. I appeared at an Atomic Energy Commission hearing in Paducah, KY, but it was a useless exercise. I was turned down for clearance. For many professors at the time this meant the end of their career, since universities didn't want "trouble". Fortunately, my chairman told me not to worry, and I remained on the faculty.

At Arkansas I had more free time than I had ever had, and I took advantage of what opportunities there were. I took up piano lessons again and resumed composing. As a faculty member, I was allowed to use the practice rooms in the Music Building, and got help in composition from the chairman of the Music Department. Fayetteville had a Community Concert series which brought travelling artists to the hinterland. The local newspaper was looking for someone to review the concerts who was not connected with the official music world and yet was reasonably knowledgeable. There were very few individuals who fit the requirement, so I became the official music critic of the Northwest Arkansas Times. The review had to be delivered before midnight, which left little time to write it after the concert, but I was usually invited to meet the artists at whatever social occasion had been planned for them after the concert.

The Arkansas Ozarks are scenically beautiful and offered lots of opportunities for hiking. The university had an outdoor group, the Ozark Hikers, which I joined on many trips. Their faculty advisor was Hugh Iltis, a botany instructor originally from Czechoslovakia. I soon became friends with him and his wife and spent considerable time at his house. When he left for the University of Wisconsin, I succeeded him as advisor. Most of the backcountry roads were unpaved and most of our hikes were quite adventurous. We "discovered" Lost Valley, now a state park, and Hemmed-in Hollow, a spectacular canyon several hundred feet high, with a waterfall plunging over it. These areas, and many others are now incorporated in the Buffalo National River area, administered by the National Park Service.

Since the Ozarks are largely limestone, there are many caves, some quite extensive, which we explored. I remember one trip during which four of us spent 24 hours following an underground river. Fortunately we did not get lost.

My contract with the university called for 11 months work and one month vacation. This allowed me to take some interesting trips. The first of these, in 1953, was to the Tetons in Wyoming where I signed up for the elementary rock climbing class at the Exum school. This included a day of basic rope handling and a 30 foot free rappel. A classmate and I then hired a guide for a day for an ascent of a pinnacle, which required us to cross a boulder suspended over a 2000 foot drop using mainly our hands.

In 1954 my brother Eric and I and a friend celebrated Eric's receiving his Ph.D. from Northwestern with a trip to Mexico. I drove to Mexico City from Arkansas and picked them up

at the airport. We rented two small rooms for \$2 a day and enjoyed exploring the city. Our main objective, however, was to climb one of the Mexican volcanoes. Popocatepetl is nearly 18,000 feet high, the third highest mountain in Mexico and the fifth highest in North America. We drove to a shelter at 13,000 feet, a large stone building in which we slept on the floor, and breakfasted on tortillas fixed by the caretaker who was also our guide. Up to 15,000 feet there was a trail over volcanic ash, but above that deep snow began, and the combination of altitude, deep snow, and the steady forty five degree slope made the ascent very strenuous. After several hours of sinking in thigh-deep and having to chop our feet out with our ice axes, we finally turned back, within sight of the summit. The rest of the trip was mainly sightseeing, and relaxing on the beach in Acapulco.

The following summer we drove 8000 miles through the U.S. and Canada, visiting the Rockies on both sides of the border, and several national parks in California, such as Yosemite.

In 1956 I met a new graduate student in the English department, Faith Bueltmann, who was beginning work on an M.A. degree. A new faculty member had returned from a trip to Germany where he had learned about recorders, and he started a recorder group at Arkansas. Faith and I both joined and learned a lot about Renaissance music. She was also very interested in outdoor activities and became a regular member of the Ozark Hikers. In 1957 we drove to Seattle where we met Eric, and did some strenuous hiking in the Olympics. One of the trails was so steep that I had trouble walking for a week afterwards because of muscle cramps.

After completing her M.A., Faith joined the faculty of Valparaiso University in Indiana, not very far from Chicago and from her parent's home in New Berlin, Illinois. We often met in St. Louis or I visited her in Indiana. After a year she returned to Arkansas to work on her Ph.D.

About that time the political situation in Arkansas became very unpleasant. In 1956 Eisenhower had nationalized the Arkansas National Guard to integrate Central High School in Little Rock against the opposition of Governor Faubus. This precipitated the passage in the state legislature of a series of laws, known collectively as Act 10, which was primarily directed against the NAACP, and required every state employee to file an affidavit stating every organization to which he had contributed money in the past five years. Forgetting your contribution to the Boy Scouts resulted in severe fines and prison sentences. Most faculty members could not see the problem, but the entire philosophy department resigned, and I decided that I did not want to comply. Those of us who felt that the act was unconstitutional financed a "test case", which began its slow progress through the courts. Fortunately I had arranged to spend my sabbatical year at the National Bureau of Standards in Washington. I lost my tenured academic rank, but the University did not want to return my research grants to the government, so my Ph.D. student, Joe Bufalini, could finish his work, although I was not officially allowed to supervise him. As a teaching assistant, working on her Ph.D. in English, Faith was similarly affected, and she left to take a teaching position at Wartburg College in Iowa.

8. WASHINGTON

After the relative isolation of Fayetteville, Washington was an exciting change. I rented a small apartment on Connecticut Avenue in what is now the Chinese embassy, a pleasant walk to NBS, which was then further north in the present embassy area. The many restaurants along the way proved a great temptation.

At NBS I set up my experiments in a rather makeshift lab in the basement, but managed to get some useful work done. The atmosphere was stimulating, with frequent lectures by prominent visitors and staff. During the year, I was asked to give one of the lectures and made a film of Liesegang ring formation through a microscope, which showed rings in the process of formation for the first time.

The Washington Recorder Society had just been formed, and I enjoyed playing with them. There were many hiking groups and I learned about places like Shenandoah. While climbing with the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, I lost my footing on the cliffs above Great Falls. The belaying rope held, but it cracked a rib when it tightened - better than getting killed.

The Act 10 situation in Arkansas had not been resolved. The case was winding its way up to the Supreme Court, but was still on the books. Fortunately, I was offered a permanent position at NBS. On a trip back from a meeting on the West Coast I stopped at Iowa to give a talk on Liesegang Rings at a conference in Ames, and Faith and I met there and decided that the long distance meetings were not satisfactory and we should get married when the school year was out. My parents were in Austria for an extended trip to decide if they should move back there and probably could not attend the wedding. We did not want a religious ceremony, but with Faith's father a Lutheran minister it would have been awkward to have him there in a non-religious capacity. We finally decided to be married in a judge's chamber with only Eric and one of Faith's friends in attendance.

Faith moved in with me, and we then moved to a larger apartment across the street, when one became available. For our honeymoon we drove to Colorado, first to Rocky Mountain Park, where I climbed the east face of Long's Peak with a guide. In the middle of the 1700 foot wall, we were overtaken by a severe thunderstorm while huddling in a vertical crack. Faith and I then drove to the Crestones in southern Colorado and backpacked into South Colony Lake, surrounded by four 14,000 foot peaks. While near the summit of Humbolt peak, a sudden storm sent us scurrying under a nearby overhang while lightning struck the rocks just beyond.

After our return to Washington, Faith started to look for a college teaching job, but the results were very discouraging. Apparently there were lots of people with similar qualifications.

She finally took a clerical job at the National Science Foundation and rapidly moved up to Science Education Specialist, where she proposed programs in science teaching and was responsible for keeping track of a 20-million dollar budget. However, that was a high as one could go without a science Ph.D. She left after two years when our daughter Karen Rebekah was born. She continued to work on her Ph.D. degree in English at George Washington University.

In the summer of 1961, I attended a scientific conference in Montreal, and we stretched this into a trip through eastern Canada, a practice we continue to follow whenever possible. We attended a conference on contemporary music in Montreal and watched John Cage hit his piano from below while sitting under it; enjoyed the ambiance of Quebec City and drove through Nova Scotia and around Cape Breton, all beautiful scenically, but a lot of driving. On the way back we drove through the many picturesque villages on the shores of the Gaspé, and finally crossed the St. Lawrence, at a point where it was fifty miles wide, on a small boat onto which our car was hoisted by a giant sling.

During the summer of 1962 we participated as recorder players with another couple in providing intermission entertainment at the Shakespeare festival on the Mall, when Faith was suddenly overcome by labor pains. The walk to the car was difficult, but not damaging, and Karen Rebekah was born the next day. Since she was not expected for another month, she had to be accommodated temporarily in a dresser drawer, roomy enough for a 5 lb. baby.

We had always wanted to visit South America, particularly to see my uncle Emil and his wife Irena whom I had not seen since they stayed with us for six months in 1946 while they tried unsuccessfully to become permanent residents, and aunt Balka, who all lived in Buenos Aires. With some misgivings we entrusted Karen to Faith's parents and departed for Panama in the winter (South America's summer). After a brief visit to our first jungle in Panama, we flew on to Quito and drove to a monument on the equator. After admiring the Spanish architecture in Lima we flew to Cuzco, where we were welcomed by a "Death to the Yankees" sign visible from the air as we landed. The city was built by the Spanish on top of the massive Inca foundations, which had survived numerous earthquakes. A train, followed by a truck ride up a steep hillside brought us to the amazing city of Machu Picchu, only rediscovered in 1911, and in excellent condition except for the missing roofs.

From Lima we traveled by train for a day across the sparsely settled altiplano, occasionally glimpsing snow-covered peaks in the distance. At the border with Bolivia we transferred to an overnight steamer across Lake Titicaca and watched fishermen with butterfly nets at dawn. A short train ride brought us to La Paz, at 13,000 feet the highest capital in the Americas. The country had been going through frequent revolutions and it was a little disconcerting to see soldiers with submachine guns everywhere. We hired a taxi to take us across a pass at 15,000 feet to the jungle-covered eastern side of the Andes where coffee is

grown below 5000 feet. The dirt road was narrow, with lots of blind corners and enormous drop-offs without guard rails; many spots were marked by crosses for those who had died there. Fortunately our driver managed to avoid all the trucks coming up to deliver produce to La Paz, although there were some close calls. After a pleasant lunch at a coffee plantation we made the trip in reverse.

From La Paz we flew to Santiago, a city more European in population than the other capitals, and after some sightseeing, took a "scheduled van" to Mendoza in Argentina. After a ride through a railroad tunnel, we were dropped off at Puente del Inca, a small resort in the mountains where we did a little hiking, and were picked up by the van returning from Mendoza the next day. One of the girls on the bus talked the driver into taking the old road across the top of the pass where the Christ of the Andes stands with one hand stretched to Chile, the other toward Argentina; as usual, no guard rails and fearsome drop-offs. From Santiago we flew south to Puerto Montt, a small fishing town, and then spent three days crossing the lower Andes by a combination of boats across lakes and buses to the beautiful lake country of Argentina.

Bariloche looks like Switzerland transplanted to the Andes, and we enjoyed a few days in the European atmosphere before flying on to Buenos Aires and a visit with my aunts and uncle. They took us all over this metropolis, particularly eating, a favorite occupation of Argentines, the delicious spit-roasted beef and chicken sold at the many outdoor establishments along the La Plata River. Emil was doing very well, working at the business end of Siemens, the large German electrical firm, and helping Balka run her business, which had been left leaderless when Josef had been killed by an army truck colliding with his small car.

After several days, we went on to our final stop in Rio de Janeiro, where we enjoyed the beach and took the cable car ride to the top of Corcovado, from where one gets a bird's eye view of one of the most beautiful bays in the world.

Karen had some trouble recognizing her parents, but soon got used to us again. Faith was studying a lot, and had some part time help from a "nanny" who came in for several hours a week. When the weather was nice we often hiked in Shenandoah, with me carrying Karen in a Gerry pack on my back. I continued to do research at NBS, publishing the results. We often played recorder with the Blakeslees, an older couple who enjoyed having us bring Karen with us.

In early 1964 our apartment house was "redeveloped", with the large apartments being cut into more modern smaller ones, and all the tenants had to move. Since much the same thing was happening all along Connecticut Avenue, we decided to buy a house. Not much was available in the middle of the winter and we were nearly the last tenants left in the building, with dust from construction choking us and dogs howling in the empty halls at night. After a lot of searching, aided by a realtor friend of the Blakeslees, we finally found a small house in

Takoma Park, a town we had not even heard of. It had a swing on the porch and was surrounded by old trees - attractions for us. Only later did we learn that it was cheap because the area was considered a semi-slum and a four-lane road was supposed to be built a block away. We learned a lot of homeowner skills, steaming off old wallpaper, painting, installing lights, and insulating the ceiling and some walls. The house had been built in the 1920s, and although the original coal furnace had been converted to oil, we still had a lot of coal dust to clean from the basement.

NBS was about to move to Gaithersburg in order to escape electrical interference arising from the electric trolleys on Connecticut Avenue and to have more space for new buildings. In the new space, I could design my own lab. Commuting was a lot longer, and I usually dropped Karen off at a nursery school on the way. She was very interested in animals, and we talked about these while in the car. Faith had a long bus ride to attend classes at GW and do library work.

On February 20 1964, The Washington Academy of Sciences held a dinner meeting of its Board of Managers at the Cosmos Club. Kurt represented the Electrochemical Society and was also one of the Managers. Since he did not own a tuxedo, the Electrochemical Society rented one for him. It was the only time in his life that he has worn one. More significantly also in February, the National Academy was celebrating its hundredth anniversary and representatives of other academies came to Washington for the occasion. The president of the Romanian Academy, Dr. Murgulescu, wanted to visit NBS and asked me, a fellow molten salt chemist, to arrange such a visit. At the height of the cold war this took some doing, but as a result I was asked to visit Romania and give some lectures. Actually this was part of their effort to establish some independence from the Soviet Union. After finally overcoming numerous bureaucratic obstacles, my family and I flew to Paris, where I was scheduled to do some experiments at the French Atomic Energy Commission while Faith and Karen went sightseeing. We also visited friends, the Berlins, there. We then rode the train to Vienna to see Herta, who had been my father's business manager before the war and had helped him recover it afterwards. She stayed with Karen while Faith and I took in a performance of The Masked Ball at the Vienna opera.

An overnight train ride took us through Hungary to Bucharest where we were met by a delegation from the Academy and installed in a good hotel. Most of the conversations with the scientific staff were in German, in which they were more comfortable than English. My lectures in English were translated. Since we had two weeks, we were assigned a limousine, driver, and an academy scientist as guide for a trip to Transylvania (Dracula country) where we visited old castles, and cities unchanged from the days when they had been part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At local universities I lectured in German, which was understood by faculty, students, and average citizens. Finally we were taken to Romania's pride and joy, the resorts on the Black Sea. Many high rise hotels had been built to bring in foreign tourists and their currency. Each hotel was assigned to speakers of a particular language to stretch the capabilities of the native

staff. Our guide was very anxious to visit a local "night club", open only to visitors with foreign currency. The wine was bad and expensive and the dancers looked like a high school gym class.

On our way home we managed a week in Greece, visiting all the usual sights, impressive even after seeing many pictures, and a brief scientific visit in Italy.

In the winter of 1965, we drove with my parents to Florida to visit Aunt Lotte and Uncle Edi, who owned a small house in Hollywood, Florida. Aunt Lotte's sister Ina Layton lived nearby in Ft. Lauderdale. My father's driving terrified us, and I finally took over in spite of his protests. We visited sights in the Miami area, including the many beautiful gardens and Vizcaya estate.

In the summer of 1965 we drove to Colorado with Faith's parents on a camping trip to Colorado, staying mostly in Rocky Mountain National Park while it rained. My mother had been diagnosed with breast cancer and we kept in close touch by phone. When we heard that she would have surgery, I flew back and sat with her in the hospital during this traumatic experience. She recovered from the surgery, but ultimately there was a recurrence; the cancer had metastasized to the lungs and she died in 1970.

In 1963 NBS had set up the National Standard Data Reference System (NSDRS) which was supposed to produce critically evaluated data useful to scientists and technologists who could not do such evaluations themselves, but needed the results. As the only active molten salt researcher at NBS, I was asked to participate in setting up the program, which was done by experts all over the country, but coordinated at NBS. Eventually I became a Data Center to carry out such evaluations, along with my regular research program. In 1966 I attended a conference in Aberdeen, Scotland to explain the program. As usual, we tacked a vacation on to this trip and drove 3000 miles around England, Scotland, and Wales - from the Cornwall coast and King Arthur's mythical castle, a hike up Mt. Snowden in Wales (while a kindly lady took care of Karen for the day), and visits to innumerable castles, cathedrals, and literary shrines Faith knew. In Scotland we looked at the crags where British climbers practice before heading to the Alps, enjoyed a visit to Edinburgh, and took a boat ride around part of the coast to Fingal's Cave; but it was too stormy to disembark. We celebrated Karen's fourth birthday at a banquet and dance performance at which she was dressed in a Scottish outfit and was invited to dance with the professional performers.

Faith's second pregnancy did not go as well as the previous one, though we did not know the reason until Alan was born. Faith had accumulated much more fluid than normal and could not deliver the baby naturally as she had before. Alan was born in April 1967 with a collapsed lung, a heart in the wrong place, and his internal organs had floated into his chest through a hole in the diaphragm. He was immediately placed in an incubator to get enough oxygen for that part of the lung still functioning. Our pediatrician, Anna Neumann, was called immediately and took over. While Faith was still out, I rode with the ambulance that had the

only portable incubator with oxygen in the Washington area to Children's Hospital. In the morning I was told that only surgery could save him, and even then his survival was uncertain. He survived the operation and was immediately placed in intensive care, where he stayed for a month. We waited anxiously to see if his body would function. Every day there were signs of progress, and after a month he came home. Over the next few years he underwent several more operations to correct minor abnormalities, but eventually all the problems seemed to have been corrected. However, his appendix is in the upper left, rather than the normal lower right.

In the summer of 1967, when Alan was only three months old, my cousin Jenny Klein came to visit us from Australia on an extended trip around the world during which she visited our many relatives. This was the year of the World's Fair in Montreal and we drove there with Jenny and Faith's mother, camping in one of the local campgrounds and spending all day at the Fair. Alan had his diapers changed many times while we waited in line to see exhibits.

During the following year my father began to deteriorate noticeably. Early in 1967 my parents had driven back from Florida with Emil and Irene who were here for a visit, and he had blacked out in North Carolina on the way home. This was the day that Alan was due to be born and Faith's mother had come to take care of Karen. I flew to pick them up and drive them to our home in their car. Eric, who lived in New Jersey, came to Washington to drive them the rest of the way, since they also lived in New Jersey. In the summer we all went to New Hampshire together and he enjoyed sitting with his grandson. By Christmas he was getting confused, but still continued to smoke, although he had already had a heart attack three years earlier. In February 1968, while my parents were in Florida he suffered from an acute urinary blockage and died during surgery.

About Christmas time in 1967, NBS was hit by a reduced budget and the division chiefs were given a free hand how to respond to it. Since Electrochemistry was in the Electricity Division and its chief considered all of chemistry a trivial application of physics, he decided to abolish all electrochemical research. I was now out of a job, after seven years at NBS. Fortunately I was entitled to severance pay which would see us through the next few months. I was hoping to return to university teaching, but this would not start till the fall. While I sent out applications I looked for something useful to do in the meantime. I was offered a two-year assignment at the New Delhi office of the National Science Foundation to help manage a new program in which American consultants were going to help Indian educational institutions upgrade their science teaching. Since Alan had just been through extensive surgery and was only one year old, we thought that, in view of Indian sanitation, such a trip would be too risky. I was then offered an opportunity to become an American consultant in the program at an Institute for Indian college teachers of chemistry to help teach them modern methods. Since the Institute was scheduled for the summer of 1968, I accepted. In the meantime I was also

offered a position at the Naval Research Laboratory to set up a new program in molten salt electrochemistry, but they were willing to wait till the question of going back to university life could be resolved.

With the pressure of future employment resolved, I left for India in early summer. After a stopover in Istanbul, recommended to get over the effect of jet leg, where I spent a fascinating two days, roaming the city and visiting the major mosques, Saint Sophia, once a cathedral and now a museum, and the former harem, now the Topkapi Museum, I arrived in New Delhi. For the first week we participated in an orientation program, visiting villages and schools. Everything was quite outside the American and European experience.

I had been assigned to an institute in Nagpur, in central India, and one of the hotter locations in a hot country, with temperatures around 115° F. The only other American was Lyle Hall, from the University of Wisconsin, who was going to teach quantum theory while I would teach general and physical chemistry. The director and the rest of the staff were Indian. We were housed in a college guest house about three miles from the campus, but we resisted the insistent offer of a car to transport us to and from the campus, relying on rented bicycles, because we wanted to be closer to the students, and to be able to come and go as we pleased. There were about forty students, all with M.S. degrees, who were teachers at small colleges in the province, for whom we were the first Westerners they had met. We had read the examination papers for students at that level, but they included only "discussion questions" which could be answered by memorizing the text or the assiduously copied lecture notes. As we gradually discovered, textbooks had not been generally available, and students copied notes from lectures which the professors read from their notes. The idea that knowledge should be used to solve problems produced immediate culture shock, and we revised our plans for advanced work in order to concentrate on basics. Intellectual Indians have an aversion to working with their hands, and the students were astounded that "famous" American professors would go to the local markets to find materials for improvising experiments, something they would eventually have to do in their home schools. The program had provided English textbooks, but students still copied everything said in the lectures, even if the material was included in our hand-outs.

Some of the students were vegetarians and others were not, with all gradations in between, but the faculty member in charge of the food was a vegetarian, and allowed only vegetarian food to be served. The students did not much object to that, but rather to the poor quality. There were occasional strikes, with students refusing to attend classes unless they were better fed. The director controlled the food allowance which was to be paid to a contractor, and which appeared quite adequate. We suspected the director of pocketing some of this allowance, but could not prove it.

Since the air was very dry, we never sweated, or rather never felt sweat, and evaporative cooling was very effective. Classrooms and offices were cooled by women who dumped water on mats placed in the windows, and our rooms at the guest house were also cooled by humidifiers.

We managed a few trips on the weekends, and I visited the famous cave temples at Allora, and Bombay. By the end of the six weeks the students had grown more accustomed to us, and we to them, and we hoped that some of the new material would stay with them. At the conclusion of the Institute, we returned to New Delhi to write reports of our experience and make suggestions for improving the program.

Having always wanted to see the Himalayas, I flew to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. On descending from the airport bus, I was immediately besieged by men who wanted me to rent house boat space from them. The houseboats, strictly graded by the government, are often luxurious affairs with large apartments and complete staffs. They are parked side by side on Dal Lake, with beautiful views of the mountains, and are visited by vendors who sell all sorts of goods from their boats. Since a large apartment was too much for me, I ended up on a kind of rowboat with a roof for sleeping, but had access to some of the facilities on the houseboat. In the summer the wealthier Indians come to escape the heat, and there are many buses that visit sights in the Srinagar valley, which is about 80 miles across, and up into the Himalayan foothills. On one such trip I stayed at a guest house and managed a hike on one of the few 13,000 foot peaks not covered by ice and snow. From the top, the views north were spectacular, with rows of high peaks stretching to the horizon.

Being halfway around the world from home, I had a choice of directions. I flew to Hong Kong where the family of one of Lyle's students lived. As honored scholars, we were taken by taxi to all the local sights and to restaurants, including one floating on the harbor. After stuffing for a few days, I flew to Australia to visit Uncle Max and his family in Melbourne. Because of his profession as a ceramic engineer, they had not been able to leave the Soviet Union until 1956. I had not seen him since Vienna, and had not met his wife Mali and son Herman who was 18. Jenny we knew from her visit with us. We had a pleasant week talking about old times, and I was introduced to several cousins who lived in Melbourne. I did some sightseeing, including an all-day bus trip to the Blue Mountains.

After my return, the children stayed with Faith's parents while we went west for hiking in the Bighorns in Wyoming, and climbing the Grand Teton with another couple and a guide Bill Griggs. Then our family of four went to the Smokies, where a big black bear walked by our tent.

None of the academic possibilities had materialized and I started work at the Naval Research Laboratory in September where I worked until I retired in 1990.

Events from 1968 on are covered in our Christmas letters which Faith started writing then and which contain a family history from then on.

